So in love

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So in love

by ghostoctet

Summary

So taunt me, and hurt me

Deceive me, desert me

I’m yours till I die

The room was quiet, except for the occasional sound of movement from Hannibal and Will’s heavy breathing. Warm sunlight filtered in through the window, shining directly onto Will’s bare skin. It served the dual purpose of keeping Hannibal’s pet from becoming too cold, and lighting his exquisite features. Hannibal parked Will on a cushion there often.

For the most part, Will was good. Careful training and conditioning had instilled in him a great desire to please Hannibal. So even though he largely disliked being restrained and left to wait, he did his best to be good. He knelt in whatever position Hannibal left him in and let his mind wander. He did his best not to listen too closely to Hannibal’s movements, or stare at Hannibal if Will had been allowed to go without a blindfold. He understood the task at hand.

Notes

Rape/Non Con warning is just for the fact that Will is a 'pet', so he cannot consent.

I'm working on the main fic still - but here's something I imagined for later in the AU when Will and Hannibal are much more comfortable with each other.

You need to read what there is of the main fic first.

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Hannibal left Will like this for one of two reasons. The first being that he wanted Will riled up. He would blindfold Will, perhaps leave him with a vibrator or extremely large plug. Hannibal would move around the room, come just close enough to Will to touch, then he would walk away. Sometimes he granted the touch, but only quick, teasing contact. He'd never touch Will's cock or anywhere that would bring him actual pleasure. He'd just give Will enough to keep him on edge, keep him wanting more.

However, if he left Will for quite some time without much teasing, Hannibal had another goal in mind. He wanted Will to relax, lose himself in submission. Hannibal would continue with his normal daily tasks, paying no extra attention to will or his predicament. It was for Will to accept his place.

That is where the cracks in the wall came.

It was hard for Will to sink into that deep, submissive state without touch. Without feeling like he was secure. It took a great deal of trust for him to submit in just Hannibal's presence. When he was almost there, teetering on the edge of going under, he whined. He struggled in his bonds and didn't hold position. He just wanted some attention. He needed something, anything from Hannibal - he couldn't be good for any longer if it meant being alone.

Hannibal hummed and shushed him, rising from his seat across the room. He'd been reading an article on the iPad, but no matter. Will had been sitting for an hour or so, he deserved *some* stimulation.

When Hannibal's footsteps came just in front of Will, he gasped in air hopefully.

Yes, yes - you're going to get it this time. He's going to touch you and it'll all be okay again.

Hannibal kept walking. *Hannibal kept walking.* He did not stop. He did not come and pet Will's hair to quiet him. He did not rub a gentle hand on Will's chest or raise a firm one to give him a slap. He simply kept walking.

Will groaned out loud, he just couldn't help it. "Fuck, sir, please."

"Language. You know better than to beg," Hannibal replied coolly, refusing to give Will even a reprimanding swat.

Will nodded. He *did* know better. Hannibal had always been clear that his wants were Will's wants. And what Hannibal wanted right now was for Will to find a peaceful, pliant and submissive state.

Will took a deep breath and willed himself down from his emotional high. He relaxed a bit into his kneeling position and mentally checked himself. His arms, tied behind him, were not tingly or numb. The memory foam of the cushion beneath him prevented too much strain on his knees. Hannibal was there, was always watching Will even when he pretended he wasn't. It would be safe to relax.

Will heard the dragging of the piano bench on the floor as Hannibal sat, and soon after his master began to play.

A gentle tune, one Will didn't recognize. But he found himself enjoying it anyway.

A moment later, Hannibal's singing voice joined the soft piano.

Strange dear, but true dear

When I'm close to you, dear

The stars fill in the sky

So in love with you am I

Will's posture sagged, but Hannibal didn't say a word. Relaxation was his intention.

Even without you

My arms fold about you

You know darling why

So in love with you am I

Will didn't want to interrupt, he was so comforted to hear Hannibal sing. He dared, just this one time, to not ask permission before slumping forward onto his cushion.

In love with the night mysterious

The night when you first were there

In love with my joy delirious

When I knew that you could care

Will woke later to Hannibal's steady hands undoing his bonds, and his master calling him to stand.

"Come. It is time for dinner."

Although Will ate from a bowl on the floor, he found himself looking forward to every meal Hannibal served. It was the same delicious food Hannibal served to everyone. It almost made Will want to laugh, that Hannibal would debase him with the bowl on the floor and his constant nakedness, but would never dare serve him anything less than his exquisite cooking.

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They ate in comfortable silence. When Will was finished, Hannibal smiled and raised a cloth napkin to wipe his face. Dessert was fed to Will from Hannibal's plate, his master's fingers occasionally slipping down to place some of the pastry in his mouth.

"Sir?" Will asked.

"Yes, Will?"

"Dinner was delicious as always. Thank you. And thank you for dessert."

Hannibal smiled again, and damn his fucking conditioning because it lit Will's heart up to see it.

"Sweet boy."

Hannibal reached a hand down to stroke Will's hair, as he continued sipping his wine.

So in love…So in love…

So in love with you, my love…

Am I.

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